down on the far side of our Dála. It had gently sloping banks where it passed our door, and was both narrow and shallow, having been divided a mile or so away to give Aliábád the "Middle Channel" that ran 30 or 40 feet above our level and watered the fields between. She looked long at it and pondered. She wanted to come over, but had always before leaped the little stream on Naját's or Derwish's back. Presently she made her decision and her first jump and fell spread-eagled into 18 inches or so of water. She gave a cry, wholly of vexation, not at all of fright, and scrambled safely out. Someone ran up laughing, took off her little shift and spread it for her in the sun to dry. She played about cheerfully on a sunny patch of sand till it was ready, and later we saw her jumping triumphantly to and fro, again and yet again, as if she could never jump enough. By the time Faqér emerges from his cradle she will be leaping the Dála with him astride her back.

Our very first girl friend, Kaníza of No. 3, has a younger sister, Gúlo, a sporting little imp, who had just cut her second teeth. One day she had a difference of opinion with her family, and we met her striding away from home. "Where are you off to?" "I'm annoyed," she said. "I'm going to mother's folk in Báltít," and off she set on a solitary four-mile mountain walk and a climb of hundreds of feet to her grandparents' home. No one tried to call her back or reason with her. She was wisely left to work off her waywardness her own way. She must have tramped home again the same day, for on the morrow we saw her happily busy with her own people again. After that our usual greeting to her was: "Hullo, Gúlo, off to Báltít?" "Not to-day!" she would say with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. Thus the Hunza youngsters learn independence.

The only drawback—from my point of view—about the sheltered life of the Hunza infants, was that when they were out for a walk in someone's arms, they were distinctly world-shy and were apt to set up a howl if I approached too near. The three-year olds were seldom frightened—though you must remember that a pale-faced woman with horrible blue eyes ("cat's eyes" they call them amongst themselves), and an